

COUNTLESS WILL WALK TO DAKOTA FOR A DIVORCE.

Wife of Count Von Schoewenburg, Who Says She Is Penniless and Deserted, Says She Will Make Her Way to a State Where Decrees of Separation Are Easily Obtained.

Because she once walked from Germantown, Pa., to New York, Countess Helena Von Schoewenburg thinks she is qualified to walk from New York to South Dakota. It is not for pleasure or to win a bet that the titled female proposes to take the tramp. She desires a divorce from her husband, Count Jacob Von Schoewenburg, and having no grounds that she can prove save abandonment, and being also short of money, she sees nothing in prospect but a pedestrian tour to the commonwealth where divorces may be obtained on any ground from cold feet to cruelty.

The Countess appeared in public view hereabouts for the first time last January, when she applied in Adams Street Police Court, Brooklyn, for aid in running down her husband, who she said had abandoned her and stolen her two children. She was penniless at the time, and was given shelter at the home for the friendless.

In Police Court Again. After a few days she disappeared. This morning she visited the Police Court again. She said she had been visiting relatives in Schenectady and is stopping with friends. Her object in visiting the court was to learn if there was any news of her husband. There was no news.

"Then I must walk to South Dakota," she said. "I am told I can get a divorce there. I cannot get a divorce in New York because I have no evidence."

"Do you know where South Dakota is?" asked a court officer.

"I know it is out around Chicago somewhere," was the reply. "I have no fear of distance."

"When my husband deserted me once in Philadelphia, I walked to this city from Germantown and it did me good. I expect that charitable people will assist me on my way to South Dakota when they hear my story. Perhaps I will stop off sometimes and work, but I am told it is hard to get employment. The first question they ask me is whether I am married and when I say I am, but cannot tell where my husband is, they give me the cold shoulder."

"I shall start for South Dakota next week before the weather gets too warm. What I shall do after I get there I do not know, but I have always managed to make out somehow."

According to the story told by the Countess her husband is a millionaire, and descended from the Dutch nobility. She never asked him where his estates were located, but says she believes that he has a brother living at The Hague.



COUNTLESS VON SCHOEWENBURG.



COUNT JACOB VON SCHOEWENBURG.

Count Jacob Von Schoewenburg, who was born in Schenectady, N. Y., and met his wife while on a visit to Brooklyn, N. Y. They were married in 1880 and had three children. One of the children died in infancy. The couple lived in Clinton street, Brooklyn, from January, 1890, to December, 1891, when the Count disappeared. It is the belief of the deserted wife that her husband is hiding in this city.

Magistrate Kramer was interested in the statement of the woman that she had no evidence, because he would get the evidence. The Countess was advised that such a divorce was worse than no divorce at all, as it left her liable to prosecution for seduction of property. Magistrate Kramer took the name of the Countess.

The Countess is a very attractive woman. She was well dressed today and said she had enough clothes to last her through her proposed tour.

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NEW CAB MYSTERY IN THE M'LAULIFFE MURDER CASE.

"No. 191," Which Figures in a Police Tale at the Time Was Driven by "Mike" Byrne, Whose Brother "Tom" Had Been a Doorman at the West Forty-seventh Street Station and Whose Brother John Is Now Devery's Right Hand Man.

What is the influence prompted Police Officer Reddy and his brother to say that James Lennon, the World's McLaughlin witness told them that he was the driver of cab No. 191 in which he said McLaughlin was carried away from the West Forty-seventh street police station, when cab No. 191 is owned and at the time of the McLaughlin murder was driven by Michael J. Byrne, a brother of John J. Byrne, who is William S. Devery's dummy in real estate transactions?

This is the newest puzzle in the McLaughlin mystery. To arrive at a thorough understanding of the striking coincidence it is necessary to go back to the time when the police and the District Attorney took up the task of discrediting The World's testimony.

Police Officer Reddy, who arrested McLaughlin the night before he was found dying, and Policeman Esterbrook, who found McLaughlin dying, offered the first discrediting testimony.

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M'LAULIFFE REWARD FUND NOW \$3,424.70.

To any person or persons who shall furnish to The World information that will result in the arrest and conviction of the murderers of James McLaughlin, The World will pay \$3,424.70.

This reward fund is made up as follows: The World.....\$2,000 Private subscriptions from 105 citizens previously acknowledged.....\$1,375.55

New subscriptions: Citizens' Union, Fourth Assembly District.....\$25.00 Harvey J. Cohen.....10.00 Francis S. Konechewitz.....10.00 H. W. H.....2.00 Alexander Dickson.....2.00 McIntyre.....1.00 Joe Noonan (Bro.)......05

Total reward to date.....\$3,424.70

The above subscriptions have been received from public-spirited citizens of New York who wish to assist the M'LAULIFFE REWARD FUND—a fund opened in response to suggestions contained in many letters addressed to The World. Further subscriptions or pledges (money to be paid when terms of reward are met) should be addressed "M'LAULIFFE REWARD FUND, care Chamber, The World, New York City." All such subscriptions will be acknowledged by The World, which will duly account to the subscribers.

telling the same story through legal cooperation. But what persuaded them to accept of No. 191?

The Evening World has found cab No. 191 in the stable of Michael J. Byrne, at No. 16 East Thirty-fifth street, just across the street from the East Forty-fifth street station.

At the time of the McLaughlin murder Michael J. Byrne was driving a cab and had a stand at the Grand Central Station.

Up to last September Thomas J. Byrne, a brother of Michael J. Byrne, was a doorman at the West Forty-seventh street police station, and he now holds an easy position at Police Headquarters.

And both are brothers of John J. Byrne, who signed his name to the fragments of \$17,500 worth of real estate recently bid in by William S. Devery at the Real Estate Exchange.

It is needless to say that Lennon denied that he had ever told Esterbrook and Reddy that he had driven cab No. 191. The denial is corroborated by Michael Byrne.

"If anybody is using that number," said Michael Byrne today, "it is being used illegally."

"I bought that cab, a hansom, about four or five years ago from George Thompson and the number went with the cab. The transfer is on record at the office of the Mayor's Marshal. When I saw the number printed in connection with the McLaughlin case I made up my mind to make an investigation, but I have been too busy. I gave up cab-driving about two months ago."

"I want to say that I don't know anything at all about the McLaughlin case, and I am certain that my brother Jack doesn't know anything about it."

Who the Byrnes Are. While all this adds another link to the McLaughlin mystery, it does not clear up the mystery of the driver of cab No. 191.

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KIDNEY TROUBLE, LAME BACK AND RHEUMATISM CURED BY SWAMP-ROOT.

To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of The Evening World May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.



J. F. McHugh, Esq., TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 23, 1901.

DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y. Gentlemen—It gives me great pleasure to add my testimonial to that of hundreds of others regarding the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. I had a lame back three years ago before leaving North Dakota for the coast. Soon after my arrival in the Puget Sound country it became very much worse. I felt certain that the coast climate had given me acute rheumatism and came to the conclusion that I could not live in this climate. Later I became convinced that what I really had was kidney trouble, and that the rheumatism was due to my kidney trouble. The lameness in my back increased rapidly and I had other symptoms which indicated that I would soon be prostrated unless I obtained relief quickly. Noting your offer of a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, free, I had a friend write for one and began taking it immediately. Within three weeks the lameness in my back began to disappear. During that fall and winter I took three one-dollar bottles of Swamp-Root with the result that I became completely cured. I no longer have pains in my back and can exercise violently without feeling any bad effects. I have recommended Swamp-Root to several of my acquaintances who were similarly affected, and without exception they have been greatly benefited by its use.

Yours very truly, J. F. McHugh 701 E. St., Tacoma.

Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble—one of many—and is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear. If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow. Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble may steal upon you.

The great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize it as the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

EDITORIAL NOTE—Swamp-Root has been tested so many ways, and has proven so successful in every case, that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of The Evening World who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing, be sure and mention reading this generous offer in The New York Evening World when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow skin and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It starts chronic ailments and long years of suffering. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS today, for you will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels right. Take our advice, start with Cascarets today under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklet free. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

ALPINE Whooping Cough COMPOUND.

The wonderful discovery of the 20th century, a gentle cure for all dreadful coughs in from 8 to 16 days, which otherwise takes the full course of 18 weeks. Price 75c. per bottle. Ask your druggist, or send 10c. express upon receipt of price.

ALPINE MEDICAL CO., 1150 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. Dr. John L. Campbell, pastor of the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church, says: "THE WORLD ALMANAC is the most wonderful compilation of facts I have ever known. I could not do without it."

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GIRL VICTIM IN PLEA FOR ROBBER.

MISS CULBERTSON WILL NOT PROSECUTE THIEF.

He Pleads Guilty and Magistrate Mayo Holds Him for Trial.

William Stevens, a young man of good appearance, who says he is a delivery clerk and that he lives at No. 121 Lexington avenue, pleaded guilty yesterday from the person when arrested before Magistrate Mayo in the V. S. Court today, and was held in \$750 bail for trial. The complaint against him was filed by Mary A. Culbertson, a trained nurse, of No. 120 Lexington avenue, whose sympathies had been aroused and who did not wish to prosecute Stevens.

After Stevens had said, "I plead guilty," Magistrate Mayo said to him: "Do you realize that you are pleading guilty to a State prison offense?"

"Yes, I do," answered the prisoner. When Miss Culbertson said she had no desire to press the complaint Magistrate Mayo said to her: "You must not be so tenderhearted with a thief. He has pleaded guilty to the charge, and it is in the interest of the public that man like him should be in prison."

Miss Culbertson was walking on the west side of Third avenue, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when she was approached from behind by a man who snatched her pocketbook containing \$16.47 from her hand and then ran west through Sixty-fourth street. Miss Culbertson screamed and ran after him.

The chase was also taken up by several schoolboys, among whom was William Turner, twelve years old, of 20 East Sixty-eighth street. He ran beside the fugitive to Park avenue, and then south to Fifty-ninth street, where the man jumped on an electric car. As he did so Turner ran to Policeman Bray, of the East Sixty-seventh street station, and told him that the man was a thief. Bray arrested the man and on him found Miss Culbertson's pocketbook.

FEATHERS ARE RUMPLED AS SONG BIRDS FLY AWAY.

Big Jam Causes Screaming at Sailing of Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse with Opera Stars.

Five thousand persons crowded the North German Lloyd pier this morning to say farewell to departing friends on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. The cruise was so great at the head of the gangplank when the song sounded "All adieu" that women were squeezed until they screamed for help. Sailors rescued several on the point of fainting and panic was narrowly averted.

Many of the visitors were attracted by the departing members of the Grau Opera Company. Friends and admirers of Mme. Marcella Sembrich crowded about her and her husband, Dr. Wilhelm Sembrich. Mme. Sembrich's shoes, pompoms adorned two big bunches of roses, and her stateroom was filled with flowers. Mme. Fritz Schott, a popular singer, was also present.

"I shall be back next season," said Mme. Sembrich. As she was an American friend wanted to hear me I shall be delighted to come to them.

"And I too," echoed the popular Vietnamese singer. But Mme. Schott poured in a dignified way when questioned about the recent attempt to induce her to sing in light opera. "I will sing with Mr. Grau," she said, with a manner that would have made it blaspheinous to mention Mr. Lee Schubert.

Edmond de Reszke, Ernest van Dyck, Anton Van Roy and Mr. Journet were other passengers. Van Dyck shared his stateroom with his friend, Theodore Chabran, the portrait painter. A group of friends called to bid him farewell, among them two very well-known horsemen. During his recent trip west the actor visited Kentucky and invested in several broad acres which he will ship to his ranch in Belgium. Mr. Grau was at the ship early and made an affectionate farewell to his sanatorists. He was greatly distressed because he could not bid Edward de Reszke. After leaving a kiss with Mme. Sembrich for the big house, the impresario went away.

Two other songbirds on the ship were Mrs. Clara Gemenz, a daughter of Mark Twain, who goes abroad to complete her musical studies, and her vocal teacher, Mme. Frida de Giffel Aemthof. The latter is going abroad for her usual vacation, which she will spend this summer with her pupil, Bessie Abbott, the young New York girl who is now with the Paris Grand Opera.

Edridge T. Gerry, his wife, two daughters, a valet and a maid made up a party that occupied with their friends a large part of the promenade deck. Mr. Gerry will remain abroad only a few weeks, as he wants to be back for the yachting season.

Count M. Matsukata, former Prime Minister of Japan, who has been touring this country with his sons and secretary, headed another interesting group bound for the coronation.

George Nagle, an orderly at the Gouverneur Hospital, was held in default of \$100 bail by Magistrate Crane in the Essex Market Court today on a charge of larceny.

Laurence Kelly, of Coatesville, Pa., came to this city yesterday and went to Gouverneur Hospital to be treated for pneumonia. Nagle placed Kelly in bed and took charge of his clothing and food in cash. Instead of handing over the property at the hospital Nagle disappeared with it.

Patrolman McHugh, of the Eldridge street station, found Nagle staggering along the Bowery late last night.

As a excuse Nagle said in court that he had a day off yesterday and went away forgetting to turn over Kelly's clothing or money.

FRESH MARBLE AT OLD CADLE GRAVE.

GRANDSON OF PIONEER NEW YORKER PLACES STONE.

Crumbling Monument in St. Paul's May Be Sent as Relic to Iowa.

A new tombstone of polished white marble was to-day placed in old St. Paul's graveyard, at Broadway and Fulton and Vesey streets, among the hosts of old and crumbling monuments, which mark the last resting places of the prominent men and women who passed away while New York was young.

The new tombstone bore the following inscription: IN MEMORY OF HANNAH CADLE THE BELIEVED WIFE OF JAMES CADLE WHO DIED 28th of APRIL 1815 AGED 36 YEARS

A descendant had travelled all the way from Bethany, Mo., to place the monument at the grave of his ancestor. He was Henry Cadle, a grandson of the dead woman. She died thirty years before the Missourian was born.

While the tombstone was being placed in position Mr. Cadle gave a brief sketch of the family. "My grandfather, Cornelius Cadle," he said, "was a lumber merchant whose residence and place of business was in Harrison street. At that time City Hall was not built, for my grandfather often told me how they used to drive the family cow home to Harrison street from City Hall Park every day as night fell."

From the St. Paul's Churchyard, the old tombstone is likely, will make the long journey West to Marquette, Ia., where the Cadle family removed from New York, and where Cornelius Cadle, the lumber merchant died, full of years and honors in 1845.

LIZZIE CRUSHAY'S SUICIDE. Death Results from Taking Carbolic Acid.

Lizzie Crushay, nineteen years old, of No. 194 Seventh street, who yesterday afternoon took a dose of carbolic acid, died in Bellevue Hospital to-day.

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THE NEW READY-TO-SERVE CEREAL FOOD

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ASK YOUR GROCER